

describe. What one speaks of first with us, Carpets - I sur-
mised one hardly noticed. - The carpet was a plain, blue
muscle, with a cross of drab, but in the pillared recesses
were rags of a wolven's skin, head & tail on, & in front
of the grate a large one of varied skins together. - I believe
all the couches & easy chairs were covered with chintz,
light, pretty french, but some of the fancy chairs had
imitation, & must were felt, as were the pier tables
& the corners & mouldings - the curtains were blue rep,
I believe, with a rose-red border - But anyone who has
money can buy fine carpets & furniture, the things of
art in that room, family treasures handed down, one
couldn't buy - The table was furnished as a writing
table, paper-case, sock-stand, ink-stand, scales, &c. &c. all
ornamented with malachite, - Little movable stands
of choice books, a fire-screen of plate glass in felt frame;
full & not too full, a room for more people lived
in, & yet not easily copied, - Not like anyone else's -
What I like in these English houses, is that they seem
to plan the rooms they want, & build the house round
them - Not make a fine outside design as we do often,
& then divide the inside as we may -

Miss Sullivan is a most cordial, hearty person & re-
ceived us pleasantly, introducing two young ladies, one
her niece, then she showed us up stairs, the better near
being taking charge of Dr. Gray - My room was large with
a light, plain striped paper with a border of rose-buds
and with blue ribbon, the carpet a white ground crossed
with blue bars & roses in the diamonds, the toilet set, the
border, rose-buds trimmed with a blue ribbon, the same
design on the ivorine little militaire tea set on a stand

7.

New York, Nov. 18

Monday, Nov. 18, 1843. - Dr. Gray was in the
morning with Dr. Gray & a man called
announced himself at Dr. Post, & I sent him after
them to find a Dr. - Presently Mrs. & baby re-
turned, saying Dr. Gray had come with him &
Mrs. Post & baby to the Paris House. - Soon Dr.
Gray arrived bringing the baby, a nice boy of 2 1/2, &
Mrs. P. & rest, while the gentlemen did more
light-seeing - the poor child had lived & thrived,
with mother, a fragile looking, little creature,
was seemed too feeble to have the solitary care of
such a stout child - It seems they are American Miss-
Winnies on their way back to Concord, where he is
Professor in the College just started there - It was
the little fellows return journey, for he was born on the
Lebanon, & they were just arrived from America - The
Dr. came in he gave most fascinating accounts of Egypt,
and journey to Damascus only 60 miles in French
linguist, I discoursed branching off taking one to the
setting us off into quite wild plans for next spring -
After a while we were gone came your ever welcome letter
as a charming surprise, for a newspaper coming in
the morning, I thought I was to have no letters - Thank
Charles very much for his - His news quite astounded

us! How sorry I am for poor Mr. Will! -

Sunday I reserved my forces for mother & her party. Dr. Gray had agreed to meet them in the morning, to go to service at the Strandings, said to be the finest music in London - but he had a cold & stayed at home, nursing himself for next Law - About 3, mother arrived alone - I said they did not, & met Mrs. Dabney - Enjoyed the service, & stayed & saw all the little things done - they were to have Spurgeon in the Evg, so mother only could & had some lunch & a cup of tea, which was to answer for her dinner, & then I walked across the bridge with her & saw her off in the train for London - They were to go to Southampton & back to Ex, so we should not see them again - Mother's letter, which she asked me to enclose, will tell how they passed on Monday -

Monday morning the set off at one in a fly with Mrs. Hooper, for Miss Sullivan's - At Wroughton, it was, which looked quite beautiful - I suppose it is about the grandest place we are likely to visit at, so I hit it into some detail - There I saw a niece of Lord Palmerston, & her father was some distinguished somebody in India - Brown House, Sulham, lies near or London, in the Thames, & the drive there was not particularly interesting, only we crossed a quaint old timber bridge looking quite home-like, & before reaching the ^{house} passed some architectural and brick buildings, quite extensive, built by the father in memory of his wife - The approach to the house was through wooden lattice-work in a high brick wall, but

somebody in the lodge opened the gates, & a street found a short rain but no sign of a such house, looking clean & comfortable, with a small porch & door at each end - We entered through the lobby into a small hall, the stairs & upper gallery running round it, carpeted, filled with pictures, some beautiful India cabinets & other pretty things - a door led into the parlour, through a recess marked off with columns, one side all mirror, & a corresponding recess opposite, with great mirrors, all one pane, looking out on an architectural garden, separated by balustrade & fence from a lovely green lawn, with fine trees grouped here & there, & clipped. At the Thames, which made a part of pretty back-ground, with boats of all kinds constantly passing - The main room had the fire-place set in painted tiles at one end, a bow opposite all window, looking at right angles on more garden & lawn, & one window of the bow opening into a little ante-room furnished with chairs & little table, upon that down a few steps into a charming little Conservatory

The room was full of beautiful things, the walls covered with pictures, here, there & even where, tables filled with books & portfolios, couches, easy chairs, wicker chairs, classical with choice Indian vases, vases, Chinese & Japanese in little cups, & ~~various~~ bottles of Dresden no offer than "no little finger, one a scale - silver, another a bunch of keys, etc. Glass cases mounted in niches containing various miniature & precious jewelry, cameras or intaglios) & things too valuable not to be under lock & key - rarely, & never here & more of the same note in air of richness, yet comfort, hard to

the music & myself - Miss Sullivan, Miss Hunter, & the Curate, who had joined us, in the other place -

We took off our things & arranged dress a little, & then went in to tea - A great, silver tea urn & large ewer for a teapot, at one end, with the tea things, a most unique & beautiful coffee-pot at the other, bread & butter &c. A table set at one side with meat & vegetables - Chop & pleasant & sponge were handed, those who preferred kept to bread & butter - Then we returned to the parlour & saw beautiful photographs & many fine things - I confess, if I had been vice I should have gone to bed, & so I thought - Later when I laid awake quite overdone, & ignominiously had to go home next morning, I visited Kensington Museum - Dr Gray's dressing room was deposited our chamber, also a cherry fire burning, towels he said as big as sheets, fancy bird light, & everything so comfortable! -

The next morning came the house-maid with a large can of hot water, offering me a cup of tea: Dr. J. had the advantage of a fire again - He fathered down stairs in the dining-room at 9 o'clock; presently Miss Sullivan appeared & in a few minutes the butler looked in & said something; Miss S. led the way into a small room across a passage, where on one side stood the maids & men, books in hand, books of the Balm lay on the table for us, marks at the Balm for the day - We stood opposite Miss S. in the middle, she read one verse, all joined in the next then when the Balm for the day were through, all knelt & she read prayers, so simply & earnestly, & with so much expression, a gift uncommon as far as my general experience of reading English service goes -

in the corner by the fire place, a big arm chair at the side - The same colour & ideas carried out in the silk blind stipes, a match box, pen tray on the writing table in front of the couch, & on the way to the toilet table - Of course there was the large painted table behind the windows of the bow, but the smaltin cover board trimmed with blue satin ribbon & bows, was only on the top, leaving the drawers for use - There was a large handsome simple wardrobe of some fine light wood the centre part a ^{low} mirror, an old-fashioned chest of drawers from floor to ceiling, a quaint looking glass over the fire place, old pictures, old china on the mantel shelf, a couch at the foot of the bed - Of course curtains to windows, & the great four poster, so every where in English bed-rooms - But here as down stairs the upholstery was the last thing you noticed, only how rich & comfortable & luxurious every thing looked -

On going down stairs we were called in to the lunch dinner at 2 o'clock - The dining room opened from the parlour, a larger room, ribbon again showing on to the lawn, & quite surrounded with books - the door we came in by one of three ^{look} ^{receptions} one reads of, so perfect I looked at once & wondered in it where we had entered - In the centre of the table was a silver case, with a set of crimson-lined dracena in it - On three sides small, graceful silver stands supporting glass engraved plates, one grapes, another raspberries, the other little fancy cakes - the soup tureen in front of Miss S. - When that was taken away a hare was placed, neat up, & very lively looking! But before that

was served croquets were handed round. There was mutton on a table set at one side, & vegetables were handed in a large silver dish divided into three compartments, plain potatoes in one, mashed in another, string beans in the third. After that course came cheese looking like little croquets, & must see how they do it. Then pudding, & stewed pears served round with mustard, then the course of plain cheese & butter handed round, then in front of Miss S. was set on the table & the other places silver stands, containing superb duchesse D'Angoulême's, & tasting better than any pears I expected to find in England. The butler waited, a most respectable looking old man out of livery, a footman in simple uniform, red waistcoat, large buttons on coat with cord, & a red cord down the pants.

Directly after dinner we set out on the Long drive to Sydenham - Mrs. H., Miss S., Dr. J. & myself in the first carriage, then drove a broom on box with long light rods to their feet. The two young ladies in another open carriage, only a coachman. It was 9 miles drive to Sydenham, over commons covered with fern, past fine country houses, rows of villas, through little towns & closely settled streets, very pretty in summer but rather bare to each tender plant at Dr. Gray's home & some & wounded it, as he poor man, found it his cost next day. The Palace is very impressive from its vast size, but the interior, in one a very good idea of it. We were there early in the morning, & just when people were still the wonders it contains. The Courts of all the

various countries & epochs in architecture & decoration, are alone worth a long study. And many of the effects in the central nave are very fine, especially round a marble pond, with water-stands forming in it - graceful, lovely tree ferns bronzed about. The fine physician Theodore's charger, a meek, little pony looking horse, watched the climbing up of the monument building with a row of stars all round the top, marking its outline very gracefully, heard the band play, some went to hear the Lyonesse choir, had a cup of tea & at last came the time to take our reserved seats to see the fire-works - We elegantly sat in the balcony, a space covered in overhead & around, but open in front. The fire-works were very fine, but it would be useless to try to describe them. There were pagodas, & a waterfall of golden rain with green fern leaves at the side, such superb rockets, & such quantities of them, & two balloons soaring away with magnificence lights attached, & white like to brilliant stars, attended by dusky droves, then at the last the fountains all illuminated with green & red & blue, as if the water were all lovely colours in varied spray. It was dazzlingly brilliant & very new to me, it is as long since I have seen anything of the kind.

They were over before Miss Sullivan expected, & as the carriages were not ordered until I've amused ourselves with watching the growth, & heard some very fine music playing in the space arranged for the monster concert. There were 14,000 people there, the papers said yesterday, the last I shut up carriage & drive home in, Mrs. H., Dr.

all joined in the Lord's prayer, & the blessing ended the service -

Then we went back for breakfast - a smaller silver one, but a most excellent dinner, coffee as usual, honey, marmalade, row, bread & butter, & very good bread again on the side-table

Mrs. Hooker was obliged to be at home before 10 o'clk. her children's dinner hour & lunch for the elders, & I thought it wisest to join her, leaving Dr. Gray to visit the Bings' garden at Fulham with Miss S. - So we had good bye to that beautiful parlor, the morning sun streaming so nicely in, the bright fire, the air of comfort & beauty & elegance - the cushions - the brocade looks us to the Station with room & footman on the box! But it costs something to go - it is customary to give the servants -

Of course, Elliot, there is much more I was expected, there was no fire lighted, & things were rather disturbed - But I covered myself up on the sofa & isolated myself with Kate's letter, which I found on the table - saying still & some slight doggerel? I talked of my trouble, & really bore the loss unless taking better than I could have thought -

Dr. Gray came unexpectedly before lunch, having had a nice walk with Miss S. Then taken the next train - But he might be began to have pain in his jaw, & then toothache & tenderness & swelling,

& has been pretty miserable ever since -

However we went to London again yesterday as I had some things I wanted to get, & he said he was not fit for anything else - I wanted too to call on Mrs. Bentham, for I had not yet been there; & I found Mrs. Hosier we were to go to the carriage on Saturday (tomorrow) instead of Tuesday. It is most impossible, getting ready in that hot weather last summer, that one could want all the bundling one does in this chilly England, & I find Dr. Gray & I both have to dress very warmly - So I have been getting flannel for linings, &c. &c. & Confess I am kept busy sewing, more than I could have supposed - I found some nice muslins, pretty things as one needs want in London, but the price of everything! Except flannels, I believe everything the same or dearer than at home - Today the Nards, Ann & Charlotte, came to lunch - It is the first time I have seen Ann, & a real pleasant, sociable time we had - Dr. Gray did not get up until three o'clock, but seems very much better this morn'g -

We dined yesterday at Mrs. Bentham's - they have the dearest, little miniature house, just the size for the two -

Mother's letter came yesterday just as we were sitting off - Dear, good night & good bye -

Much love to all - Ever affly, Jane -